

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME IX.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 12, 1880.

NUMBER 33.

POETRY.

LET IT PASS.

Be not swift to take offense;
Let it pass!
Anger is a foe to sense;
Let it pass!
Brood not darkly o'er a wrong;
Which will disappear ere long;
Rather sing this cheery song—
Let it pass!
Strife corrodes the purest mind;
Let it pass!
As the unregarded wind,
Let it pass!
Any vulgar souls that live
May condemn without reprieve;
Tis the noble who forgive.
Let it pass!
Echo not an angry word;
Let it pass!
Think how often you have erred,
Let it pass!
Since our joys must pass away
Like the dewdrops on the spray,
Wherefore should our sorrows stay?
Let it pass!
If for good you've taken ill,
Let it pass!
Oh, be kind and gentle still!
Let it pass!
Time at last makes all things straight;
Let it pass!
And our triumph shall be great;
Let it pass!
Bid your anger to depart,
Let it pass!
Lay these homely words to heart,
Let it pass!
Follow not the giddy throng;
Better to be wronged than wrong;
Therefore sing the cheery song—
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

STORY TELLER.

AWKWARD JEREMIAH.

A young man, fashionably dressed, and with the air of one who would be at home in society, reached Boston towards evening, by the Fitchburg Railroad. He proceeded at once to a hotel, not wishing to intrude upon his relatives at that hour, and took a comfortable supper. After this, he read the evening papers, and then went for a leisurely stroll on Washington Street. On his way he passed Vinton's well known establishment, and it being a warm evening, decided to go in and have an ice cream.

He accordingly ordered one, and while waiting to have it served had an opportunity to look about him a little, and take a quiet survey of the company assembled. These were chiefly ladies, and to those who are not at all familiar with Boston ladies, I need not say they were very well worth looking at.

Our hero's attention, however, was chiefly attracted by two young ladies who were apparently of the same age, which could not have varied much from eighteen. Both, too, were quite attractive in personal appearance.

They were conversing together in quite an animated strain on a variety of subjects. At length one said: "By the way, Emma, have I told you about the visitor we are expecting?"

"No," said the other. "It's a cousin from the country, who, I suppose, will be a perfect rustic in every respect. Such fun as I expect to get out of him."

"What is his name?"

"Jeremiah Outthank. I expect he will want us to call him Jerry."

The other young lady laughed. "His name is rustic enough, certainly," she said. "You must be sure to give me a chance to see him. Mustn't keep him all to yourself, Alice."

"I don't intend to. I want somebody else to enjoy the fun."

"Do you know how he looks?"

"No; but I can imagine. In the first place he is tall and awkward, not knowing what to do with his hands and feet, wearing cow hide boots and a full suit of blue, including swallow-tail, studded plentifully with brass buttons. There, what do you say to that picture?"

Emma laughed. "I say this," she replied, "that if he at all answers your description, he will be a decided accession to our society. When do you expect him?"

"To-morrow. Uncle wrote that Jerry, as he calls him, will probably arrive at that time."

"I will call."

"Do so by all means."

With these words they rose from the chairs and left the table.

The young man had listened to their conversation with an air of mingled amazement and vexation. Not to keep the reader in suspense, we will tell him what he has probably surmised, that the chance listener to the young ladies' remarks was no other than Jeremiah Outthank, himself.

He was quite the reverse from the picture his cousin had drawn, being as we have said, very gentlemanly, both in manners and address. He was born in Vermont, where his father, a good, honest farmer, still lived; but had enjoyed the advantages of education in a college in a city of New York, where he had an opportunity to mingle in society. This fact was quite unknown to his cousin.

In fact, they were not first cousins, although the indefinite relationship was most conveniently expressed by the term. Hitherto, the families had known but little of each other.

"I will pay her off," said the young man to himself with a quiet smile.

The next morning he visited a ready-made clothing establishment.

"Have you any blue suits?" he asked.

"We have none made up recently. They are not fashionable in the city, you know."

"I am aware of that, but I intend to do a little masquerading."

"Want to personate a countryman?" said the clerk, smiling.

"Precisely."

"Then I think I can accommodate you. Not long since a countryman called in and ordered such a suit as you desire, but having been fleeced out of his money by some sharper, was obliged to leave them on our hands."

"The very thing," exclaimed young Outthank.

"There is only one thing. He was not so tall as you, and they may be short in the sleeves and legs."

"All the better. Such is the traditional country fashion. Will you let me see them?"

The suit was accordingly shown. Our hero immediately put it on, and could not help laughing at the metamorphosis which he produced in his appearance. He hardly recognized himself.

"I think I will keep them on," he said, "and have the others sent to my hotel. I want two articles more, some cowhide boots and a flaming red bandana, and then I shall be equipped."

These last mentioned articles were not difficult to procure.

An hour later, he knocked at the door of his cousin's aristocratic mansion.

"Is Alice to him?" he inquired of the servant.

"I believe so," said the latter, staring at him with eyes wide open.

"Then go and tell her that her cousin Jerry wants to see her. If she's frying doughnuts or anything, tell her I can wait in the sitting-room."

The servant stifling a laugh, went up and reported the arrival to Alice.

"O, charming," said she, "I was just thinking what I should do for amusement. I'm so glad he's come."

Alice descended and entered the drawing-room.

There stood before her the exact embodiment of the picture she had drawn the evening before.

"How do you, cousin Alice? I'm Jerry Outthank. Expected me, didn't ye?"

So saying, he strode towards his cousin, and grasped her taper fingers in a painful squeeze.

"I am very, thank you. I hope you left your family well," said Alice, suppressing a smile with difficulty.

"Fust rate. Dad's alive and kicking, and ma's so's to be about—all well except the white heifer—she's took sick, and I'm afraid she won't get over it."

"That's a great pity, certainly," said Alice.

"I guess you'd think so. That ere critter used to give fifteen quarts of milk a day, which dad used to sell to the milkman for three cents a quart. Most half a dollar a day clean gone."

"It is certainly quite melancholy."

"Ye-es," said Jerry, looking quite perplexed.

"When did you arrive in Boston?"

"Last night."

"Where did you stop?"

"To the Tremont House. What dew you think? The plaguey stage driver that took me there charged me thirty-seven cents. I guess he seed that I was from the country, and wanted to cheat me."

"I believe that is the regular price," said Alice.

"Shoo. You don't though. Guess you are made of money in Boston. It's a big town though."

"It is pretty large."

"I never seed so many brick houses in all my born days. There's one thing I want to see though."

"What is it?"

"It's a ship. They have 'em in Boston don't they?"

"O, yes, plenty of them at the wharves."

"Couldn't you go out with me and take a walk down there? I s'pose you're there most every day?"

"It is not exactly proper for a lady to walk down to the wharves."

"Shoo. Then you don't want to go?"

"I would rather walk to the common. Have you seen that?"

"Yes, I seed it this morning."

"And what do you think of it?"

"It is a confounded shame they should let such good land go to waste. It would be pretty good to raise potatoes on. I have a great mind to

tell the government I will take it on shares."

I do not think it would do any good. They keep it for children to play on, and for the people to promenade.

To that?

To take walks.

"Oh, that is the idea."

At this moment Miss Emma Dickinson, the other lady, was introduced.

Jerry made a shambling salutation, and the young ladies continued to ply him with questions, enjoying, not a little his rusticity.

Two or three days elapsed. Jerry made his home at the aristocratic mansion of his cousin. It would take altogether too long to detail all the instances of his rusticity during that time.

At this time his cousin determined upon a party, chiefly in honor of a young lady in New York, a representative of the best society in that city, to whom Alice wished to do especial honor.

When Jerry appeared to escort his cousin down stairs to the brilliantly lighted parlors, she was surprised that he was attired in fashionable style. In reply to her interrogatories, he said, "I kinder thought I would like to dress a little more in Boston style, so I went out and bought some new clothes. They cost a mint of money—but darn the expense. When I am in Boston I am going to do as the Romans do."

Alice was secretly glad at the change. Really her cousin looked quite genteel, much more so than she had deemed possible.

Entering the room where a number had already assembled. Miss Emma Dickinson took charge of our hero, while her cousin did the honors to the arriving guests.

Soon the New York belle arrived, and was warmly welcomed by Alice.

Some half an hour afterwards Jeremiah found himself near her. To his surprise he recognized a young lady whom he had met in society.

The recognition was cordial on both sides. They were conversing, unnoticed by Alice, when the music struck up for a quadrille.

"Will you accept me in lieu of a better partner, Miss Vancouver?" asked our hero.

The lady inclined her head in the affirmative.

They took a place opposite Alice and a young military gentleman.

"Good Heavens, how on earth did Jeremiah get introduced to Miss Vancouver? He will make us all ridiculous," thought she.

But she had no time for remonstrance. The music struck up.

To her surprise Jeremiah went through the figure with perfect propriety. He did not jump about as she had anticipated.

The quadrille over, she went up to the pair.

"I did not know you had been introduced to my cousin," said Alice.

"We have been acquainted for two years," said Miss Vancouver.

"Where did you meet?" asked Alice, amazed.

"In New York," said her cousin, significantly. "I was at that time a college student there."

Alice was overpowered with astonishment, which she managed to conceal, however, until the party was over, when her cousin made an explanation, adding with a smile, "Cousin Alice, you were hasty in assuming that all who came from the country are clodpoles. If you will come up to Vermont next summer, I hope to convince you to the contrary."

Alice did visit Vermont as invited. Her visit is likely to be a long one, as she has become the wife of the awkward Jeremiah.

POOR GIRLS.—The poorest girls in the world are those who have never been taught to work. There are thousands of them. Rich parents have petted them; they have been taught to despise labor, and depend upon others for a living, and are perfectly helpless. If misfortune comes upon their friends, as it often does, their case is hopeless. The most forlorn and miserable women on the face of the earth belong to this class. It belongs to parents to protect their daughters from this deplorable condition. They do them great wrong if they neglect it. Every daughter should be taught to earn her own living. The rich as well as the poor require this training. The wheel of fortune rolls swiftly around—the rich are very likely to become poor and the poor rich. Well-to-do parents must educate their daughters to work; no reform is more imperative than this.

Atmospherical knowledge is not thoroughly distributed to our schools. A boy being asked, "What is mist?" vaguely responded, "An umbrella."

The Articulation Question, etc.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—During my late stay in Boston, I made several visits with old friends, living a few miles out of the city. One of the most pleasant of these visits, was that made to the family of Mr. B., of West Newton. Mrs. B. was my teacher at the Institution for the Blind, South Boston, and a sister of Mrs. B. now teaches in the Horace Mann School for the Deaf.

What always renders a visit in this refined and cultivated family peculiarly pleasant, is the fact that all its half dozen members can talk with the manual alphabet and readily understand my speech, therefore this easy mode of intercourse, coupled with their cordial hospitality, makes me feel quite "at home." The first day was passed mostly on the broad, cool veranda chatting, with the intelligent young Misses B., their lady friend and a college chum of their brother's, a recent graduate of Harvard University, from California, who proposed doing the New England Summer resorts before returning home.

Miss B., living with her maiden sister in a handsome cottage with lawn adjoining that of her brother's, came in at noon, bringing me the July number of the *Annals* containing a full report of the late Conference of Principals at Northampton. Miss B. kindly invited me over to dine with herself and sister, which invitation I gladly accepted. These two very agreeable ladies enjoy a handsome competence, and while the elder remains home to keep house with the aid of a faithful domestic, the younger, from choice, fills the position of assistant principal in the Horace Mann School. Immediately after dinner, the two sisters were obliged to leave to attend a wedding at Worcester. That evening, Miss Fuller, principal of the Horace Mann School, came to see the sisters, and I was summoned over to Mr. B.'s to see Miss Fuller. We held a long and interesting discussion in regard to the system of teaching by articulation and lip-reading. Miss Fuller, of course, being an enthusiastic advocate of this method. I fully agreed with her so far as to admit it the best system for semi-mutes blessed with good eye-sight. While numbers of this take to articulation and lip-reading almost as naturally as a duck to water, becoming marvelously proficient, others of an impatient, impetuous temperament, vote it "slow" and give up. This is a serious mistake on their part, although the art may be slow and laborious of acquisition, yet, when once acquired, it amply repays one for all time and effort expended, by the increased ease, facility and rapidity with which it enables one to carry on intercourse with the hearing. So much more advantageous is it to the slow, tiresome and spiritless mode of communicating in writing. Besides, circumstances may often arise when this ability to speak and read the lips will be more or less valuable in a practical and business point of view. Therefore I would earnestly recommend all young semi-mutes who have not already mastered articulation and lip-reading, to at once make the attempt with a determination to preserve and acquire all they can.

The next morning after my arrival proved rainy. I spent most of it in reading the life of that remarkable female philanthropist, "Sister Dora." Beautiful, talented, accomplished, born to wealth and station, with high-souled heroism. She consecrated all her gifts to the service of suffering humanity. The volume is a fascinating and in some respects a romantic story, and well repays perusal.

That same afternoon the rain held up, and Miss B., according to previous appointment, came in for me to accompany her to Newton to call upon a young blind semi-mute lady, named Katie Grant. I was very glad to see this lady. She is about twenty-four years of age, small, slender and exceedingly delicate in health. Scarcely let her, at the age of six, deprived of her totality of sight and hearing, although she retains her speech to a wonderful degree, probably owing to her superior intelligence. She has a finely shaped head, quite regular features. Her countenance is pleasing and bears an expression of peaceful serenity, although she rarely smiles. Her manner was quiet and gentle. She was clad in gray checked silk, trimmed with black velvet. I enjoyed a long chat with her. She gave me an outline sketch of the manner in which Miss B. had taught her. Books, maps, ciphering and writing boards were obtained from the Blind Institution. Her brothers and sisters also learned the letters of the manual alphabet and aided in her education; and she said after they learned to talk with her in this way she became very happy. She mentioned a recent visit paid her by Miss Laura Bridgman, and told me about

a pleasant drive taken to Dorchester. I understood that her parents were English, but Katie was born in Boston. I asked her if she would write a short sketch of herself for publication in our DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. She replied that she thought she would sometime. She employs herself in reading from books, in raised print, in sewing and knitting, also assists about house as much as her frail strength will permit. Miss B. informed me that she possesses a very lovely and affectionate disposition, marked by much patience and christian piety. I bade adieu to the interesting lady, feeling inwardly rebuked that with my superior blessing of sight, I could ever murmur, and realizing more forcibly than ever the many blessings bestowed upon me by a kind providence.

MYRA E. ALDEN.
DIXMONT, ME., Aug. 6, 1880.

Birthday Gathering.

[From the Montgomery (N. Y.) Standard.]

A pleasant company assembled at the house of Mr. Koffman on Tuesday evening last, to celebrate the birthday anniversary of one of his mute sons. Everything that loving parents could procure was furnished to give joy and gladness to the occasion.

Mr. Koffman has five children, three of whom are mutes, young men grown to manhood. The party was given in honor of their second mute son, Samuel, who is 25 years old. Several of their mute friends from the city were present to do honor to the occasion. Among them Mr. and Mrs. Reaves, teachers at the deaf and dumb institution in New York, who are boarding this summer at Mr. Kidd's, near Walden. Among the guests were Miss Jennings and Miss Georgie Decker of this village, and Miss Whitehead, who is visiting at Montgomery.

Mr. Koffman is fitting up a beautiful place at a heavy expense. He has three sets of buildings on his farm, and they are all in the best condition. He is improving his land very fast, and has caused two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before. His last week's crop of putting out about three acres of the choicest fruit trees and grape vines, which will add very much to what has already been done.

His chief object seems to be to make a happy home for his family, and in doing this he is also adding much to the wealth and beauty of our town, and we hope that others will follow his example.

Under this head I wish to say a few words. Deaf-mutes on coming to school, find everything new to them. Home varies more or less from their habits. Instead of the still, but sometimes rapid moving of lips they find themselves with mute children, who make their fingers fly, using quick motions of hands and arms and show at times distorted faces. Well, the newcomers are taught to spell, to read and to write and also to behave. Besides these, they have trades, by the practice of which they prepare themselves for future usefulness. The boys have this advantage and it is a good beginning to induce them into the practice of industry.

After graduating from school, they may find themselves employed in some channel of industry. They may then feel independent and happy. They earn money, pay their board and purchase their own apparel showing respectability.

Is there an exception in the gentler sex? There should be no excuse for the young ladies to be without employment. Even if their parents are blessed with the world's goods, they should be riveted in some course of industry, by which they may promote healthful vigor, and thus be prepared for any emergency, should their parents fall into bankruptcy.

Some young ladies are very much petted during their school term and dress in a showy manner, sometimes beyond the means of their kind parents and friends. This is done for a show by which means they may entrap some worthy fellow. Often they have poor chances, but whether favored or not they keep puffed up expecting to be classed among the admiralty of society. They show themselves stuck up like a disabled vessel on the stays, and strut about in the sunlight of life like peacocks.

I hope that the above is not the case with many, though quite a number of young ladies, I dare say, are dependent on their kind friends after graduating from school.

During a recent tour in New England, it was my delight to meet many young and elderly ladies, deaf-mute ladies employed in various branches of industry. They regard labor as an honorable employment, and feel independent and happy. Among a large number of operatives, I noticed pretty faces.

I pity those young ladies, who, after finishing the term at school allotted them, feel so proud and vain as to make dolls of themselves. When they have a chance to accept some worthy hand, when interrogated, may say with pouting lips and disdainful cast, "Oh! no, I never had my hands in the dough tray, nor soiled my dainty fingers with parings, and kitchen work of any kind is out of the profession; the wash tub is a despicable bore and ironing is a grudge unbecoming a lady."

What is Mrs. — to Mr. —? She is only his doll whom he may idolize if he chooses or reject if he feels justified.

Young men look out for the spider's snare.

Young ladies, guard yourselves against the viper's poison.

IGNATIUS FESTUS.

A Mermaid's Letter.

A few days ago, while out for my daily swim along the New Jersey coast, I came near the twin cities by the sea—viz., Ocean Grove and Asbury Park.

So I thought I would run up and take a look around. I landed near the bathing grounds, and among the bathers were two young ladies, who I observed, were talking in signs; as I can make pretty good signs, even though I am a mermaid, I joined them. I gained a good deal of knowledge about the Grove and park from them.

Ocean Grove, began by a company of twelve Methodist ministers and twelve laymen forming an Association, purchasing land and setting it apart as a place where poor preachers of all denominations can pass their summer vacations, and it has grown from an unsightly pine forest with a few tents, into a large city with many handsome cottages, tents, and hotels.

There are two lakes, named respectively, Wesley Lake, named after two celebrated Methodist ministers, Wesley Lake lies between Ocean Grove and Asbury Park. It presents a very gay appearance, being covered with boats till far into the night. Fletcher Lake is situated at the other side of the Grove, and the broad Atlantic sings its endless song in front, the bathing is excellent, the fishing good, and taken altogether, it constitutes a very paradise on earth.

Asbury Park has since been laid out and peopled, and now with their large and beautiful Hotels, home-like and tasteful cottages, not forgetting the fascinating charm of tent life, they are truly twin cities by the sea.

While walking on the sand, I was so fortunate as to come across a copy of the last new JOURNAL, so I sat right down on the sand and read it all through, and was much pleased with it, and said to myself, "baby mine," and "Mignon." Lets you and I and "Deaf and Dumb Girl," form a league to break the hearts of the College boys with the "turn up noses," and we will take some of the conceit out of them. I would give my celebrated coral comb if I could find out who "Sly and Co." is. I find I cannot stay on dry land any longer, so I will return to my home in the "briny deep." Perhaps you will hear from me again the next time I come to dry land.

MERMAID.

Reply to M. J. Smith.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—A few months ago, Mr. M. J. Smith published in the JOURNAL, a challenge to Eddie Frisbie to a walking match for \$250 a side, to take place anywhere agreed upon, to give the latter, if I remember rightly, half a mile the start. At first we considered it merely a joke, but being convinced that Mr. Smith was in earnest, Eddie calculated the rate of speed at which he could go with the start given him, and promptly sent an acceptance to the JOURNAL. Mr. Smith soon repented of his challenge, and withdrew it. This action on his part seemed very much like "blowing." If Mr. Smith was in earnest, he ought to have kept to his words. Why did he send such a challenge, when he knew he could not keep it? Perhaps his object was to scare our pedestrian, but he himself was scared off. Smith's best record and Eddie's have been published, and Eddie is still the victor.

EDDIE'S FRIEND.

Four Chicks for Hancock.

AN ENTERPRISING HEN DECIDES A NEW ENGLAND MAN'S VOTE—A GREENBACKER'S ADVICE.

MORRICH, Conn., July 23.—On July 4, Mr. A. M. Norcross, a deaf-mute of this city, set two hens on fourteen eggs each. One hen he named Hancock, the other Garfield. The hen which hatched first was to decide his vote. Yesterday the Hancock hen hatched four large, healthy chickens, which Mr. Norcross immediately named respectively Indiana, New York, New Jersey and Connecticut. There are no returns so far from the Garfield hen, and Mr. Norcross feels compelled now to vote for Hancock. Mr. Norcross says that the Hancock hen hurried her task, accomplishing it in eighteen days, the usual time varying from twenty-one to twenty-three days. To-day he received the following letter from a Maine Greenbacker:

DEAR SIR: I noticed by the newspapers that you have set two hens with fourteen eggs each, dedicated respectively to Garfield and Hancock. Judging from the records of the parties of whom they are the standard-bearers both sittings will prove rotten. Our advice to you is to do as the majority of the sturdy yeomanry of the Pine Tree State will do: Vote for either Gen. Dow or Gen. Weaver. Very respectfully, M. SMITH.

SPRINGDALE, Me., July 19.

DEAR SIR: I noticed by the newspapers that you have set two hens with fourteen eggs each, dedicated respectively to Garfield and Hancock. Judging from the records of the parties of whom they are the standard-bearers both sittings will prove rotten. Our advice to you is to do as the majority of the sturdy yeomanry of the Pine Tree State will do: Vote for either Gen. Dow or Gen. Weaver. Very respectfully, M. SMITH.

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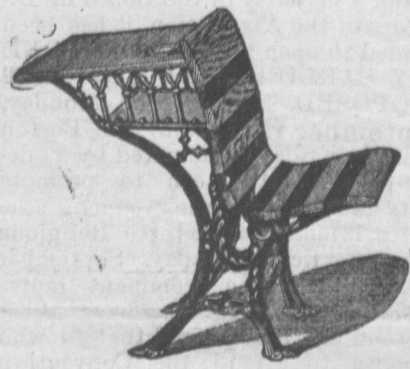
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DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUG. 12, 1880.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 1624 Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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The National Convention.

In less than two weeks the National Convention will be held at the Bellevue House, in Cincinnati. Arrangements have been made with the hotels to accommodate the large crowd of deaf-mutes that are expected to be present, so that those who go will find good fare and lodgings at low rates.

Those who intend going by way of New York, can obtain tickets for the round trip to and from Cincinnati, via the Erie Railroad, for the small sum of \$20 (one half the regular fare), by sending their name to the JOURNAL.

Mutes going to the Convention via Chicago, can secure a round trip ticket at the office of the Indianapolis, Cincinnati & Lafayette Railroad, for \$9, by calling at the Chicago General Ticket Office, 121 Randolph Street, near Clark. These tickets will be sold only on the 23d and 24th of August.

Mr. Charles P. Fosdick, in a card published in our last issue, offers special rates to mutes going by way of Louisville, Ky. A round trip ticket from Louisville to Cincinnati by boat, can be had for \$4—one-half the regular railroad fare.

The coming Convention promises to be a really grand affair. The intelligent and we may add the beauty of the mute world will be present, and the social advantages it will afford can not be overestimated. What a meeting will be there! Old friends of years gone by will take each old time comrade by the hand, sisters of silence will fondly greet their long ago classmates whom they have not seen for years, while the stern and aged, whose whitened hair and wrinkled brows tell the tale of life's stern battle, will gaze upon the glad some throng, while their hearts shall throb exultantly to see so many children of silence upon whom fortune smiles.

The meeting will be productive of benefit to those who attend it. Many of the leading mutes from all quarters will be present, and we doubt not but there will be many interesting things discussed which will be productive of good to all.

The Wisconsin Alumni Association will send three delegates and the Empire State Deaf-Mute Association will send one. The Cleric Literary Society, of Philadelphia, and the Manhattan Literary Association, of New York City, are each considering whether or not to send a representative.

We feel sure that the gathering will be the largest of its kind in the history of the world. Never before has there been so many intelligent and well educated mutes of one mind and purpose as we find them now. All who have expressed an opinion, without exception, have been agreed upon the question of a National Convention, and now that one is assured, these men will undoubtedly help it in every way that their means and ability will admit.

It will be a fine sight to see a large and orderly body of our people, silently but earnestly discussing measures that will help them in the social scale and in the estimation of the world at large. But, we will do it. With God's help and united effort we can accomplish grand things. We can show the world what education has done and is doing for the deaf and dumb. We can exhibit an ability for organizing and a capacity for working, which will impress the hitherto skeptical that the loss of the senses of hearing and of speech do not incapacitate a man for the ordinary emergencies of life.

A full and detailed report of the Convention will be printed in the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, together with

such personal mention as we and our correspondents may pick up.

We hope those who can afford to attend will go in force, but would advise all to carefully consider if their purses can stand the strain attendant upon the journey to and from and the sojourn in Cincinnati for three or four days.

The JOURNAL was already on the press when the communication from Mr. R. P. McGregor, which our readers will find on the sixth column of the third page, arrived. Though the number of names sent is small, we feel sure that the number who attend will exceed the list given by ten to one.

About twenty of the silent friends of Dr. and Mrs. Gallaudet met at the residence of Mr. James Lewis in New York City, to bid them goodbye before starting for Europe on the 14th. The evening was pleasantly passed, Dr. Gallaudet and Rev. Mr. Mann relating some very amusing anecdotes. Dr. Gallaudet also explained the route which he would travel to Milan. He also expressed his gratitude to the friends who have voluntarily paid the expenses of his travel together with those of his wife. The offer of a free passage came to him quite unexpectedly, and the additional offer to defray the expenses of his wife was gratefully accepted. We do not know who the benefactor is as the name has been kept strictly a secret. They will remain in Europe for three or four months, when Dr. Gallaudet will return to his silent flock and resume the arduous duties in which he has been successfully engaged for so many years.

We decline to print the letter, signed "D. & D.," proposing a list of candidates for office at the New England Gallaudet Association Convention. Contributions of whatever character will be rejected unless the real name of the writer accompanies them. We will not publish any letter unless we know from whom it comes. If the writer of the letter here referred to, will send his or her real name, we will give it a place in our columns.

NOTICES.

Sunday Services for the deaf-mutes in Worcester, Mass., will be held on the following dates:—June, 27th, July, 25th, Aug., 1st, August, 22d, August, 29th, September, 26th, October, 3d, October 24th, 26th, October 31st, November 28th, December 5th, December 26th.

Services will be held on the dates marked with a star only when the preceding Sunday has been rainy.

Will those deaf persons who are proficient in articulation and lip-reading, and who use this method habitually in their intercourse with hearing people, please send their name and address to Miss Myra E. Alden, Dixmont, Maine. She wishes to communicate with them on a matter of importance.

Rev. Job Turner is to conduct both forenoon and afternoon services, with the Rev. Mr. Boyd, in All Saints Church, Worcester, Mass., on Sunday, August 15th, 1880. The deaf-mute residents of that city, and its vicinity, are earnestly requested to attend.

Providence permitting, the Rev. A. W. Mann will hold services at the usual hours, at St. Ann's Church, New York, on Sunday, August 8th, and at St. Stephen's, Philadelphia, on Sunday, the 15th.

Rev. John Chamberlain and Rev. A. W. Mann will conduct a service for deaf-mutes at St. Paul's Church, 4th street, Cincinnati, Ohio, on Wednesday evening, August 25th. Holy Communion next morning at 7 o'clock.

The monthly services for deaf-mutes in St. Ann's Chapel, Brooklyn, St. Andrews' Church, Harlem, and Christ Church, Williamsburg, will be suspended during August and September.

Services for deaf-mutes will be held in Whiteport, Ulster Co., N. Y., the 15th, at 3 o'clock p.m., and in St. Paul's Church, in Troy, the 29th, at 2:30 p.m. Mr. G. W. Schutt will officiate.

Services for deaf-mutes in St. Ann's Church, 18th Street, near 5th Avenue, New York City, every Sunday in August, at 3:30 p.m. On September 5th, and afterwards, at 2:45 p.m.

Notice to Deaf-Mutes.

MR. EDITOR:—As I can make my wants better known through the JOURNAL, please permit me to have a little room in your paper.

It is desirable that I should have a list of the names of all the deaf-mutes intending to go to the Convention in Boston so that I may be able to perfect arrangements with the railroad companies. I must know the number starting from one place of rendezvous, and at once.

Yours Truly,

WM. H. WEEKS,
Sec'y N. E. G. Association,
22 Atwood St., Hartford, Conn.,

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

W. M. Johnson is a typo in the office of the *Napaneer*, Canada.

Myron R. Palmer, of Coxsackie, N. Y., is visiting friends in Albany, N. Y.

Repairs and improvements are nearly completed at the New York School.

Mr. Jackson Farmer expects to attend school at the Mississippi Institution next term.

"R. S." wishes to know of "Little Hands," if the stream is still running smoothly.

Mr. John McGill has returned to Montreal. He expects to be at the National Convention.

Mr. E. J. Halley, a supervisor at the New York School, visited friends in Syracuse last week.

The Board of Trustees, of the Mississippi Institution, have appointed Miss Lucy E. Aden a teacher.

The belles of the Boston Deaf-Mute Society have succeeded in finding out who "Harri Henri" could be.

"Ernestine's" one-horned cow is now sold, and no more can she run a race with her. What can she do?

The majority of the mutes of Jackson, Miss., intend to vote for Hancock and English, at the coming election.

Prof. W. H. Weeks went to Peekskill last week, on board the Granite State, and was accompanied by his family.

Mr. Channace N. Brainerd, Steward of the New York Institution, took a trip to Coney Island and one day last week.

Frogs were murdered at Wampanoag by a fly-trapper the other day, and no funerals took place. Such is life nowadays.

A lady well known in New Jersey, who can talk the mute language, wants two mute girls for kitchen and laundry work.

Mrs. Johnson, matron of the sewing department of the New York Institution, is spending her vacation at Old Orchard, Me.

Prof. F. L. Selinoy and his wife have been stopping in Denver for the past several weeks. They expect to return east very soon.

Albert C. Hargrave, of Boston, now in Blue Hill, Me., is having a fine time hunting and fishing with Messrs. Atherton and Carlisle.

Miss Ross Thomas, of Vicksburg, Miss., intends to visit friends in Virginia, soon. She will enter the New York Institution as a pupil, in the fall.

Mr. Ira H. Derby, of South Weymouth, Mass., in company with Mrs. Roberts, of Harlem, N. Y., visited the JOURNAL office on Wednesday of last week.

"Rambling Soph" desires to inform R. B. L. that he is "Attending Court," in Washington, D. C., and has his headquarters at No. 1329 G St., N. W.

C. D. Newton, a pupil of the New York Institution, has earned quite an enviable reputation as a ball player, in New Jersey, during the present vacation.

Mr. W. J. Graham, formerly of Jackson, Miss., is at present residing in Carthage, Miss. He expects to visit the pupils of the Mississippi Institution next winter.

Mrs. Mary Foote was at the Detroit picnic, and reports having had a nice time. She is now in Tuscola, Mich., but will start for home in Rushville, Ill., next week.

James Judson, a mute aged 60 years, is residing at Prattville, N. Y. He owns a large farm, a shoe shop and several dwelling houses. He is married, and has two grown up children.

Prof Selinoy, who is in Denver with his wife, made a very pleasant call on Mr. R. D. Livingstone before Mr. L. left for Boulder, after returning from Colorado Springs and Manitou.

Mr. G. C. Sawyer, a friend of Misses Morse and Baker, of Boston, Mass., would like to know their addresses, as he is very anxious to hear from and write to them. His address is Mixer's Room, Census Office, Washington, D. C.

Charles A. Lurvey, the pedestrian, will challenge A. W. Gerry, the probable champion of the future, to walk from one to fifty miles, provided Gerry wins a victory over Mr. Friesbe for the deaf-mute championship of the United States.

Rev. John Chamberlain and Rev. A. W. Mann will conduct a service for deaf-mutes at St. Paul's Church, 4th street, Cincinnati, Ohio, on Wednesday evening, August 25th. Holy Communion next morning at 7 o'clock.

A correspondent writes:—"I received the *Advocate of Christian* and a pamphlet containing the description of the Dentophone, some time ago from Cincinnati, Ohio, which tempted me to send for one of the dentaphones. Of course, I would send for one if I could hear very well by means of it. I tried it last fall and found I could not hear with it at all, did not know what sound was like. Such is the fact that my auditory nerve is entirely dead. I am sure that the dentaphone is of much benefit to deaf-mutes."

C. L. Williams, who was unpleasantly connected with the Delavan Asylum scandal a few years since, and afterward with another affair of the same character at Green Bay, has been for a time Superintendent of the State Asylum at Austin, Texas. But he carried his weakness with him, and a brother of a wronged inmate treated Williams to a dose of Texas medicine, administered with a six shooter, and with such effect that Williams is now at Hot Springs Hospital, and probably on his deathbed.—*Whitewater Register*.

Rev. Mr. Scott Downey, an Episcopalian clergyman, has spent fifty years of his life in the prisons of Europe ameliorating the condition of the inmates. He has had interviews with nearly all the crowned heads of Europe on objects of benevolence connected with prisoners, and addressed Queen Victoria on behalf of the Fenian convict, John McClure, obtaining an immediate reply and pardon from her Majesty. He administered religious consolation to Balbo, the lately executed murderer, and wrote four letters to the Governor for a pardon. He is a man of superior intelligence, although stone deaf.—*New York Truth*.

The Catholic society of deaf-mutes in New York is increasing rapidly.

John R. Newcomb is now employed in painting in the school at Rochester.

The Lowell Silent Society has closed its rooms till the first week in September.

Mr. Devey, a mute unmarried man, forty years old, works on a farm near Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Mr. Geo. Rogers, a mute farmer, who lives in Oakfield, Wis., is thirty-eight years old, and a bachelor.

Wm. O. Fitzgerald has just resumed his duties at the New York Custom House, after a vacation of two weeks.

Let "Pug Nose," "Johnny Hoehandle" and "Joel Slocum" make their appearance in the JOURNAL once more.

Beware of your forgetfulness, Hieronymus! You will see it soon. Read over your last article, and find what it is.

W. D. Edwards has given up type-setting, and is now employed as a rail chopper and filer in the Vulcan Steel Works at St. Louis.

Miss Canfield, a mute lady, lives with her very respectable Catholic parents in Fond du Lac, Wis. She is a very beautiful lady.

Mr. Drinlemme, a mute man, who works in Labelle wagon factory, makes \$2.00 a day. He has a mute sister in Toronto, Canada.

Charles Cooper, who graduated from the Western New York School in Rochester, two years ago, is working in a tobacco factory, and makes good wages.

Mr. Sam Lewis, of Anamosa, Iowa, who has two splendid horses worth \$175 each, left them at his young son's home. He has gone to Michigan to sell needles and notions.

Waldo C. Corbett, a pupil of the New York Institution, has obtained employment in Fearey's shoe factory, in Albany, N. Y., and supports his aunt and himself. He is a laborer.

Mr. William Baker, a German mute, who has a speaking wife in Clarence, Iowa, came from Germany seven years ago. They can write in the German and English languages.

We wonder whether "Hieronymus" is using his efforts to catch "Mignon." Will he not offer his hand to her? We, however remind him of a certain lady (Miss —) in his city.

Mr. J. Tuttle visited Mr. Hixon's restaurant, in Tampico, Ill. Mr. Hixon was a classmate of Mr. Tuttle's. He is thinking of giving up the restaurant and starting in some other business.

There are a great many "clubs of writers" who are writing for the JOURNAL. For example, "We, Us & Co.," "Sly & Co.," "Hieronymus," etc. Nevertheless, thanks to them for their invaluable help in keeping up the spirit of the paper—truly the best paper for deaf-mutes on the face of this broad land.

Mr. Job Russell and his wife, of Lisbon, Iowa, are both mutes. Mr. Russell graduated from the Columbus (Ohio) Institution in 1873. He was a classmate of Ed. L. Conger, of Ohio, and formerly a teacher at the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, at Omaha, Neb. He is a teetotaler now, and makes \$3.00 a day.

Mrs. A. J. Vance, accompanied by her son, has gone West, not only on a visit to her friends, but to enjoy the air and sight that are necessary to the improvement of her health. How long she will remain there it is yet unknown, but is likely to return in time for the Convention, in which she, like many others, has long manifested an interest.

On the evening of July 29th, a large number of deaf-mutes met to prepare plans for the organization of a Hancock and English Campaign Club. Mr. Thomas Godfrey was chosen the temporary chairman, and Mr. B. Clarke, secretary. It was decided to hold a meeting on August 4th, at 153 East 4th street, New York, when permanent officers would be elected.

Mrs. J. E. Tuttle was at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, last month, and met a semi-mute man named Geo. W. Foy. Mr. Foy said he was well educated in Iowa City, Iowa, about twenty years ago. He had been studying medicine for eighteen years, and is now a semi-mute doctor. He is thirty-nine years old and is an old bachelor. He is wealthy, and lives with his parents in Cedar Springs, Iowa.

Mr. Herbert M. Mallick has quit printing, having been taken very sick twice. It is thought that working at printing injured his health. He does not expect to resume work at his trade, after recovering from his present illness. He is now much better, and passes the time in visiting his friends and relatives. He intends to attend the National Convention if he can get a reduction on a ticket for a round trip.

Mrs. John O. David, of Amherst, N. H., the other day, wrote a letter to Mr. Thomas Brown, in which she said that she had been to Newport, N. H., in the most northern part of the State, and that her relatives living there informed her that ex-president Pierce and Fillmore were her cousins on the paternal side which surprised her very much. Mr. B. showed the letter to Rev. Job Turner about the remarkable relationship.

A correspondent writes:—"I received the *Advocate of Christian* and a pamphlet containing the description of the Dentophone, some time ago from Cincinnati, Ohio, which tempted me to send for one of the dentaphones. Of course, I would send for one if I could hear very well by means of it. I tried it last fall and found I could not hear with it at all, did not know what sound was like. Such is the fact that my auditory nerve is entirely dead. I am sure that the dentaphone is of much benefit to deaf-mutes."

Mr. Emanuel Bonweine and Geo. Bunnicker, of New York City, have got a chance to work in Worcester, Mass., and Mr. Geo. Walker, of Georgia, is working for the Wick's Manufacturing Co., as a weaver, and Mr. Geo. Miller, of Providence, R. I., is here waiting for a chance to do some painting for Messrs. Loring & Blake Organ Co., for whom Mr. D. B. Howe works. Mr. Green, who is Secretary of the Worcester Deaf-Mute Christian Union, expects to obtain situations for some other mutes this fall, as he has some letters asking for work.

Nellie Sumner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Howe, aged 7 months and 6 days, died very suddenly in Auburn, Mass., on the 31st of July last. She was in very good health, and was playing just before her death. Her remains were brought to Mr. Howe's mother's house, on Bartlett Place, where the funeral took place last Monday, the 2d inst., and was largely attended. The funeral rites were performed by Rev. Dr. Osgood, of the Episcopal Church. The remains were buried in Holy Cemetery, in New Worcester. The casket was covered with a lot of wreaths, and Mr. D. C. Sumner, of Milbury, Mass., sent Mrs. Howe a box of nice wreaths.

Mr. John Witschief had an addition to the family on July 19th in the shape of a girl baby.

Miss Emma Taylor, of the Tarrytown Branch of the New York Institution, has gone to Springfield, Mass.

Mr. Charles M. Smith, Clerk at the New York Institution, has gone to Springfield, Mass., to spend his vacation.

Fully seventy mutes attended the service conducted by Rev. Mr. Mann, in St. Ann's Church, New York City, on Sunday, August 8th.

Mutes to the number of about fifteen attended the Catholic services in St. Francis Xavier's Church in 16th street, on Sunday the 8th.

There are some twenty-five deaf-mutes in Bridgeport, Conn., instead of five as erroneously stated in a former issue of the JOURNAL.

S. P. Cornelius has returned to New York City after an absence of a week. The cause of his absence, we are told is the death of a near relative.

Mrs. Roberts, of Harlem, in company with Miss Lockwood, of Bridgeport, were among the many present at Rev. Mr. Mann's service, on Sunday August 8th.

It is rumored that L. W. Bailey, of Wellsboro, Pa., was in New York, July 1st, unknown to most of his friends. What is up, Lee? Something extraordinary.

"Don't be jealous, 'Mignon,' 'Geraldine' don't know who 'L. M.' is any more than she does who 'Archy' is. Ain't that so 'Geraldine'?"

Miss S. Templeton, a former teacher in a public school in Belleville, Canada, will succeed Mr. R. J. Wallbridge as teacher in the Belleville Deaf-Mute Institution.

Miss Belle Fisher and her brother George, who have been on a two weeks' visit with Ella J. Randall, of Rochester, N. Y., visited the Falls of Niagara a few days ago and are now home again in Dunkirk.

Miss Carrie Powers, in company with her cousin, called at the New York Institution on Saturday last, and had a nice chat with Miss Annie Bryan. Miss Powers promised to call again in two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Beers are expected daily in South Weymouth, Mass., where their parents reside. Mr. and Mrs. Beers, it is happy to say, will be present at the coming N. E. G. A. Convention.

Miss Leonora C. Gray, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has gone to Cincinnati. She expects to be gone several months, and anticipates great joy in once more greeting her friends in Cincinnati, and Newport, and at the National Convention.

It is stated that "Rambler" has adopted Mabel Harding, now a pupil of the Hartford School, as his daughter, and on the other hand she said she should be his wife. "Rambler" should be congratulated upon the happy affair, as Mabel is promising and handsome.

Mr. J. W. Leib, a student of the National Deaf-Mute College, has obtained a permanent position in Peter Hayden's rolling mill, and is, in fact, well off. He says that if money comes in as fast as it did the past week, he doesn't intend to re-enter college in the fall.

Mr. Edward Davidson is now going around town exhibiting a beautiful watch chain. It was presented to him on the 10th of July in Cincinnati by the members of the Independents, in honor of his 21st birthday. He is now employed in the State bindery.

Messrs. Patrick R. Gough and John R. Newcomb, of the Western New York Institution, at Rochester, think that they will probably take a pleasure trip to Gasport, Lockport, Suspension Bridge, Niagara Falls and other prominent points. They expect to start this month or by September 1st.

Mr. James Gilbert, who graduated from the Ohio Institution last June, is now working at the State bindery, in Columbus, Ohio. He is a mulatto, and will be the first colored gentleman that ever entered the National Deaf-Mute College. He says he is determined to go, come what will. He don't scare worth a cent.

Mr. John Brown, who was assaulted and robbed, by some unknown party, was carried to St. Peter's Hospital, corner of Broadway and North Ferry Street, Albany, N. Y., and is getting better rapidly. He said he heard of the death of his mother before. He expects to leave the hospital Wednesday, and then he will go home, where he will settle for life.

Several graduates are coming up to Columbus from Cincinnati, on an excursion train, to attend the reunion, which is to come off the 10th, 11th and 12th of this month and will be an immense affair. Several mutes from adjoining counties will also be present, and I hear that L. A. Anthon the brewer is to come down from Delaware with several legs of lager.

On Saturday last, Johnny O'Brien, Geordy Porter, Anthony Capelli, and Jimmy Donnelly, started out each with a six-barrelled horse pistol in their vest pocket, and a six-foot butcher knife stowed away in their shoes, for the purpose of hunting the escaped sea-lions on Manhattan Beach, but got hopelessly tangled up on the Elevated Railroad and were obliged to return home again.

Prof. Joseph H. Barnes, of the Louisiana Institution, is spending the cool summer in New Orleans, Louisiana, with his friends. His health has for a few months been very poor. Now he is rapidly improving in health during his sojourn in New Orleans. He expressed himself highly pleased with the cool climate. He will return to the Institution at Baton Rouge, one hundred and thirty miles above New Orleans, about the first of November.

We are informed that John A. Prince, late of the Texas Institution, has a very desirable location in Danvers, Mass., and intends to open a school for deaf-mute children, September 15th. We wish him success in his undertaking. Any of our readers in that vicinity, having deaf-mute children over eight years of age, will do well to consult Mr. Prince in regard to receiving them, or visit the place and see for themselves. Mr. Prince refers by permission to E. M. Gallaudet, President of the National College.

An impostor, who has thus far escaped the power on his track, has been making money selling cards in New York City, on which are printed the following: "This card will be sold for five cents, for the benefit of the Deaf-Mute's Aid and Benevolent Association, of New York." Under this is the Manual Alphabet, and some sentences, such as, "God is Love," etc. On the back is a stamp containing the letters "D. M. Aid and B. Ass., of N. Y." The person, whoever he is, is evidently a stranger in the city, because he sells his cards in places where deaf-mutes are to be met with nearly every day. It is thought he is from Cincinnati.

Mrs. J. Sautter, of Millington, Ill., has been on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Long, which she enjoyed very much.

Mr. Wallace F. Howell, a supervisor of the New York School, is spending his vacation at Newburgh, N. Y.

Mr. Damarious, who graduated from the Delavan Institution in 1870, is working at black-smithing, and earns \$2.50 per day.

Prof. Crowder of the Philadelphia Institution, is spending his vacation at the old homestead in Sidney, Hastings Co., Canada.

Seymour Berry, of Walton, Delaware Co., N. Y., a pupil of the New York Institution, is visiting with his parents in Canada.

Mr. J. E. Tuttle was at Fond du Lac, Wis., a short time ago, and says he sold 3000 chromos, in eight days. After seeing his family, he will start on a tour through Indiana and Ohio.

If William Best Magill, a graduate of the New York Institution, class of '79, and supposed to be residing somewhere in the State of New Jersey, will forward his address to the JOURNAL, he may hear of something to his advantage.

Mr. Bailey last Saturday made a call on his friend J. F. Donnelly, at the Reporter office, Woonsocket, R. I., where he is now working, and the latter says he was much pleased with his brief call. Mr. B. visited Rocky Point.

Through the courtesy of A. C. Cheney, the many friends of Dr. L. L. Peet and Rev. Chas. A. Stoddard were invited to accompany them down the bay on their departure for Europe, August 8d, in his elegant new steamer "A. C. Cheney."

Dennis Mahoney, who graduated from the New York School last June, is at present employed in a large bakery on Pearl Street, New York City. He was a member of the late "Hudson" nine, and says he prefers his present position to playing base ball. Good for Dennis.

Mr. S. A. Taber, who has a fine farm near Scipio, N. Y., tells a tough story of a hall-storm that has been roaming rampant over his place. He asserts that the hall-stones were fully six inches round and mashed everything within reach. When our readers want to see small icebergs floating through the air, they have only to go to Scipio.

Adam Milbier, of Syracuse was arrested on Monday, August 2d, on complaint of his landlady that he would not pay his board. Next morning it was explained before a Justice that Milbier had not been paid, so was the custom, on Monday, and he was discharged from custody. He received his wages on Tuesday and paid a part of his board bill.

Mr. James Terrell, is a first-class fitter in Raymond's Sewing Machine Works, in Guilford, Ontario. He has been employed there eight years, and earns good wages. His little daughter died of cholera infantum on Thursday, July 22d, aged one year and six days. His sister who is also a mute and married to a mute printer of Toronto is now on a visit to him.

The *Lockport Journal* tells this one.—It was dinner time in a select boarding house when the new boarder arrived. He was a venerable looking gentleman with silver hair and his face beamed with a sweet repose, betokening a pure and holy life. As he joined the table the landlady said "would you ask a blessing, sir?" The favorable stranger shouted, "you will have to talk louder marm, I'm so d-d deaf."

A meeting of the Board of Officers of the Empire State Deaf-Mute Association, was held at the Temperance House, on Tuesday, August 3d. The officers present were: H. C. Rider, President; S. H. Howard, Vice-President; E. A. Hodgson, Secretary; S. A. Taber, Treasurer.

A resolution to send H. C. Rider as a delegate to the National Convention in Cincinnati, on August 25th, was adopted.

It was also decided that the next Re-union of the Association will be held in Utica, N. Y., in August, 1881.—*Syracuse Courier*.

Ira H. Derby, publisher of the "History of the First School for Deaf-Mutes," returned home on the 5th inst., from New York City. He called at the JOURNAL office Wednesday forenoon, when Editor Hodgson was out of town. Mr. Derby was kindly shown around by assistant foreman Stryker, and he was well pleased with the appearance of the office, and the management of the paper while being pressed.

Mr. Derby would like to know who sent him papers—"The Signs of the Times"—from Oakland, Cal. Correspondents will please address him hereafter: Box 32 South Weymouth, Mass.

The *Mute's Companion*, published at Fairbairn, Minn., pays the following compliment to a former citizen of Winchendon.—"Mr. G. A. Converse, who has been employed as carpenter at this Institution for the past year, left us a few days since to visit friends in Waterville and St. Paul, then he returns to his old home in New Hampshire, where he expects to engage in business with his brothers. Mr. Converse is a steady, industrious workman, and both he and Mrs. C. have made many friends during their stay in Fairbairn."—[Mr. Converse arrived here last week, and he received a cordial greeting. Mrs. C. is now visiting with friends in Boston.]—*Winchendon (Mass.) Courier*.

of signs. Upon his return, he brought
Laurent Clerc, the most capable of
his tutors, with him. A private cor-
poration was formed, and the govern-
ment rendered aid by the grant of a
township of land. This was so judi-
ciously located that a fund was pro-
duced, which now amounts to a quar-
ter of a million of dollars. Trustees
and Directors manage the Asylum,
and it has no direct connection with
the State. But pupils are given war-
rants of admission and their expenses
are paid by the State. New York,
Pennsylvania, Kentucky and Ohio,
in the order named, founded institu-
tions. The date of our own Institution
being 1827. Horatio N. Hubbard,
the first teacher, received his educa-
tion at the Hartford Asylum. The
building is very plain and not nearly
so large as the Columbus Institution.
It has now 200 pupils.

The feeling of regret, universally
expressed, that Prof. Fay is about to
leave, is a matter of pleasure to him.
He leaves the Institution in good con-
dition and with no animosities. While
the salary of his new position is about
the same as here, when his residence
is considered, yet he believes he can
save more money. Political fashion
of decapitating officers from the be-
hests of party, merely placed him at
the mercy of a change of administra-
tion, with the hazard of a new ap-
pointment. He succeeds in his new
place as teacher, John C. Bull, who
had been an incumbent twenty-five
years at the time of his death. Hart-
ford has rare educational facilities,
and upon the whole, Prof. Fay decid-
ed to accept a permanency, and leave
immense responsibilities and avoid
political guillotine. He is a Buckeye
to the core, and if he were wealthy,
would never retire. Success to him,
and let the wish of Horace be ours:
"May he return late into heaven."

"Chief Weatherford's" chief de-
light seems to be picking out flaws in
our letters, and making them subjects
for his communications, *vide* his last.
If he would worry less over what we
write and devote himself to more
news, he may, some day, if he lives
long enough, become a philosopher or
some great man like General Garfield.
Perhaps it never occurred to him that
type setters are liable to make errors
in setting up MSS. In the letter in
which he takes us to task, there are
several names spelled wrong, whether
his own fault or the printer's we don't
know nor care. We don't make it a
business to criticize such matters.

Our informant told us he was in
Prospect, July 5th, not 3d, as "C. W."
says, that he saw Burt Kingsley and
talked with Charles Furry, and if we
are not mistaken, we so wrote. The
name, through no fault of ours, was,
however, set up wrong. And here
we will let the matter rest with the
hope that "C. W." will learn more
as he grows older.

Last Friday, a little after noon, just
after we had sealed our letter to the
JOURNAL, an alarm of fire was sent in
from the Institution box, and at the
same time a dense volume of smoke
was seen rising from the northwest,
back of the building. The fire provid-
ed to be at the gate leading out on
8th street, near the coal house. Some
workmen at work bowldering the al-
ley and using tar in doing the work,
were heating the liquid in a recepta-
cle standing near the gate. The tar
got to boiling over, and in running
out some of it caught fire from the
flames under the vessel, which spread
rapidly to the fence and shanties near.

The Institution fire apparatus, in
this case, proved of great service, and
was the first time it was ever called
into action in such an instance. As
soon as the alarm was sounded,
Messrs. Schmeltz as chief, Lilley,
Dundon, Lynn and Gilbert, of the
State Bindery, went for the hose
cart, and in another moment were
going as fast as their legs could carry
them to the scene of action. They
had a stream of water falling upon
the flames before any of the city fire
department engines arrived upon the
scene. By the time the engines reach-
ed the place, the fire was subdued—
no damage resulting further than the
loss of the tar and a few feet of fence.

The people of the Nutmeg State
are generous souls, indeed. After se-
curing the services of Mr. Fay, as
chief teacher in their Institution, they
next sent him a draft for \$200 to bear
the expenses of himself and family to
their midst. They know when they
have a good thing.

Mrs. Whitman, mother of Prof.
Westervelt, of the Rochester, N. Y.,
Institution, a former matron here, has
been visiting old friends in the city
during the present week. It is said
she has resigned her position as ma-
tron of the Rochester Institution, and
will leave here for Illinois with her
husband, where they propose to rest
from active labors.

Another mute wedding is to occur
in this vicinity ere many more days.
The bride elect, we are sorry to say,
is not "Mignon."

There will be a vacancy created
soon among the corps of lady teach-
ers in the Institution, she having con-
cluded that it is better after all to wed
than live in a state of single blessed-
ness.

We never were aware that we were
an orator, or endeavored to succeed
the great and only "Dennis Kearney"
in our flights of eloquence, until the
Bard of Springfield, "We, Us & Co.,"
announced it to the world in the last
JOURNAL. Really, we have no desire
for such a distinction as D. K. has
won, and prefer slinging a faber with-
out having the world know who hand-
les it. We never, but once made an
oral speech. It took only ten minutes

to deliver it, and was spoken to a
Sunday School audience in a back
woods grove. Whether it was elo-
quent and made the hair on the heads
of those present bristle, we don't
know. However, the farmers,—for
the gathering was mostly made up of
'em and their children—were so struck
with our speech that one big fellow
passed his hat around among his
associates and succeeded in raking up
\$30, which he gave us for what we then
thought was the greatest effort of our
life, sorry we have not made speech-
making a vocation, for we might now
be able to have a big bank account to
our credit. *Sich* is luck.

August 6, 1880.

COLUMBUS.

Boston Echoes.

[From an old contributor.]

Belle Flagg is staying with the
Misses Porter, at Wrentham, and is
not expected back for a month. That
must seem a very long time to the
boys who have rallied Sunday after
Sunday around their beloved Flagg.
"Rally round the Flagg my boys"
when she comes.

Miss Edna Howes, of Dorchester,
whose parents have gone away on a
several month's cruise, her father be-
ing the captain of a merchant-ship, is fill-
ing the duties of housekeeper with
native grace and sweetness. So think
two young gentlemen who have re-
cently took tea with her. Miss Howes
is a graduate of the Clarke Institution
at Northampton, and it has rarely
been our fortune to meet a semi-mute
young lady (she objects to the term
mute because, literally speaking, she
is not mute) so highly educated and
so well informed on many subjects
which the rest of her sex never think
of studying. In her is united the
highest intelligence with good sense
and a dignity of manner that knows
how to entertain without encouraging
familiarity. If young ladies were ad-
mitted to the National College at
Washington, she would attend it as
soon as Laura Sheridan and others
would. If, she says, the degree of
B. A., is conferred upon the young
men, that of M.A. (Maid of Arts)
ought to be conferred upon the ladies,
and some other initials must be in-
vented for the Master of Arts. She is
a Maid of Arts in one sense already, be-
ing a good artist.

The officers of the N. E. G. A.
seem to be of opinion that the con-
vention will not last more than two
days. The first day and half of the
second day will be devoted to business,
and the other half of the day to the
excursion to Nantucket Beach. Part-
ies desiring to stay longer in Boston
for the purpose of sight-seeing, will be
at liberty to do so, under the same
reduced hotel rates and railroad
fares. The hotels recommended by
the Committee of Arrangements, are
all first class, and all who come may
have their choice of two hotels on the
American Plan and two others on the
European Plan.

So "Geraldine" is coming to the
N. E. G. A. Convention. Who would
not like to see the famous "G," who
made the JOURNAL so lively with her
pen? Come and welcome. Also
"Geraldine's" friend, Miss Rosch.
The more the merrier.

"Henri Blanc" desires it to be
distinctly understood that he was not
"Harri Henri," who used to write
such "bon mots" to the JOURNAL,
last winter. He has no desire to
pluck a leaf from the laurel which
rightfully belongs to another. It is
a pity "Harri Henri" has laid the
pen aside.

"Columbus" would make a good
reporter for any first class newspaper;
his letters are always interesting, and
he writes in good style. I do not
believe there is any other deaf-mute
who has worked his way up to so
good a position in the world against
so many adverse circumstances. His
command of language, which is some-
thing superb, seems to have been
bestowed upon him by one of the
goddesses who presided at his birth,
if we may believe the Grecian Myth-
ology, for his circumstances seem to
have done little or nothing to create
it. His literary inclinations displayed
themselves very plainly while he was
at the National College, in contribu-
tions to the *Silent World* and other
newspapers. He did much to keep
the *World* alive while it lasted. His
services can not be valued too highly
to the JOURNAL, and I am glad to see
he has given it his hearty support.

"Lord Roscoe," give us something
more from your diverting pen.

I did not believe, like "Hieronymus,"
that L. D. W. was We, Us & Co.
until I read the poetry of We, Us &
Co. in last week's JOURNAL, and then I
was convinced that "Hieronymus" is
right. L. D. W. can easily dip his
pen in poetry in a minute. Does
O. M. R. ever write to the JOURNAL?
I don't believe he does—not that he
can't, for I know too well that he can,
but he has been courting all this time
and is now married, you see. Wish
him *bon voyage* down the Sea of
Matrimony, with no *qualls* to inter-
rupt his tranquility.

The picnic at Willow Dale continues
to be the topic of conversation, and
another picnic at the same grove is
almost universally desired for next
year. Another picnic at the same
grove, of course means the same
kissing and "spache makin." Well,
a better place can scarcely be found
for all these purposes.

It is reported of a deaf-mute from
abroad, who replied when addressed
by a hearing person, "I am speech-
less."

Our society rooms have been visited
by a half-witted deaf-mute, named
Denning. He lives in New Britain,

Conn., and works in some cutlery
shop there. He lives insulated from
the rest of the world, washing his own
clothes, making his own bread and
cooking his own food. Last Thanks-
giving Day, he bought a turkey,
cooked it in the best manner he knew
how, and made it last—do you sup-
pose how long? Why, as long as
three weeks. What girl can beat that
old bachelor in economical house-
keeping?

"Mignonette" desires to correct
a mistake that the comp. made in her
letter. She wrote "Ernestine" is a
very trustful young lady; bless her
heart," but the comp. put the word
"tasteful" in place of "trustful." If
you wish to know if "E." is *tasteful*
as well as *trustful*, ask "Lester Mont-
rose," he knows best.

Our "Big Giant" is dressed from
top to toe in blue, and he prides him-
self upon the fact. Yet none ever
saw him "blue." By the way, it is
proposed to christen the big and little
giants anew, giving the name "Big
Giant" to the little one, and "Little
Giant" to the big one, from a sense
of the eternal fitness of things.

Krause will be known as the "Little
Giant" and Newhall as the "Big
Giant," after this. Everybody will
please bear it in mind.

That article upon the N. E. G. A.
by Geo. E. Fischer, was sound to the
core. He hit the nail squarely on the
head when he replied to Mr. Chase,
that the officers had a right to hold
over and exercise their usual functions
until another election is held. The
rule with nearly all associations is
that the existing board of officers shall
remain in office until their successors
are appointed, even though some of
the officers may be their own suc-
cessors when the election is held. If
there were no officers, there would be
no association. Mr. Chase offers as a
remedy for the fancied dissolution of
the Board, that a few of the most
intelligent members of the association
should constitute themselves into a
committee for its re-organization.

Well, let us call the Board, which is
composed of the "most intelligent
members," the committee, and the
thing is done. A rose smells just as
sweet under any other name. Besides
who are so competent to attend to
the management of the association as
the old Board of Officers? As to the
disposal of the bequest, Mr. Chase
does not expect us to fold our arms
and wait until he comes and tells
us what to do with it, does he? Mr.
Fischer's article gave evidence of the
right spirit—a spirit which is open to
argument, but will not be dictated to.
I believe that is the spirit of the
majority of the members. Cicero will
be more willingly listened to than
Caesar by us.

New England Echoes.

The JOURNAL is popular here.
Mrs. Whipple Follett is better.
Mr. Levi A. Lester, of Providence,
called on us three weeks ago.

George Legg sports a moustache
and whiskers, and wears a silk hat.

Charles Mowry is fifty-one, instead
of fifty-five, and his little wife, *nee*
Mary Downen, is twenty-one, instead
of eighteen, as erroneously published
in the JOURNAL some time ago.

Woonsocket mutes are quite uneasy
about the long silence of Rev. Job
Turner.

O! too bad I can't go to the Na-
tional Convention this year. Why
can't we, as Rhode Islanders, have a
picnic before the season is out, as
Rocky Point and Park Garden offer
many attractions which should not
be neglected. Will Miss Mary Mc-
Kay or some one else please say
something about it?

It is understood that Rhode Island
will be very well represented at the
New England Convention in Boston,
Sept. 7th.

Joseph H. Donnelly, who is now
spending his vacation at home, work-
ed in the *Reporter* office, Woonsocket,
for four weeks, and last Saturday he
left the case to spend the remainder
of his vacation, and expects to go to
some summer resort before he goes
back to the New York Institution
next Fall.

There are three deaf-mutes work-
ing at the "case" in Woonsocket, a
thriving town of 16,055 inhabitants.
There is a French paper, and some
printers who understand French,
would do well to go there. Then we
would start up a club to be known as
the "Quad" Club, after the fashion of
the JOURNAL printers.

M. L. B. Pease, the editor of the
Reporter, the "spiciest and newest
penny paper" in the New England
States,—this is just what the Providence
papers say—is a cousin to
Amelia Pease, a deaf-mute living in
Hartford, Conn. His ability to talk
with a certain mule led to the above
discovery. Some older deaf-mutes in
this vicinity very well know her as
schoolmate and playmate at the
Hartford Asylum, and on that ac-
count they should like to be acquaint-
ed with him, and say that he is a very
nice young man. A compliment to
Amelia.

The number of mutes in Woonsocket
was increased, a fortnight ago, by
a young man, who has just come
from England. He is something of a
fireman in the New York and New
England railroad house at Woonsocket.

Two deaf-mutes, of Manville, R. I.,
whose modesty forbids the publica-
tion of their names, expect to go to
Fall River, Mass., to look after the
deaf-mute girls, and if any one suits
either of them, they will "ask a mar-
riage." We would advise them to go
to the Cincinnati Convention, as
"Mignon," a brilliant writer (I hate
to flatter any one), will be there.

Will she please look at them before
taking a look at "Lester Montrose"
and "Student," if she would only
forget that they are not college
students.

A certain mute, whose name I with-
hold, upon the invitation by the
Lonsdale (R. I.) dentaphone company,
went there, but was disappointed.
He then went to Valley Falls, where
he met a young deaf-mute whose
name he couldn't obtain. Then they
talked about the success of the den-
taphone, and the young man after show-
ing him the bad condition of his teeth,
told him that the dentaphone was
hurtful to the teeth and would rot
them. Then he abandoned the idea
at trying the dentaphone, and was
afterward asked to go to Park Garden
with the young man. The result
was: He lost one dollar and fifteen
cents and came home drunk on the
late train which arrived at Woonsocket
at one o'clock a.m. In my opinion
the young man is Mr. Desrochers,
who was expelled from the New York
Institution some ten years ago.

Comp.
Pictures of the picnic at Grosse
Island, July 5th, taken by Michigan's
famous artist, will soon be handed
around by—wait and see who.

"Sly & Co.'s" No. 15 boots will oc-
cupy considerable space at the Con-
vention, "especially at the table." Miss
"Mignon" had better set her
cap for him, as he is a first class mil-
ler, and she can have extra fine flour
to the end of her days.

Mrs. Mary Foote paid us a flying
visit recently. She intends stopping
at Chicago on her return home to
Rushville, Ill.

The "Lady of Lyons" reached
home safely in Hoosierdom, after
rambling around in "Michigan's
Wilds" for two weeks. Doesn't
"Day," of Detroit, feel like saying
"I'm lonely without thee, so far from
me."

"In our last letter we forgot to
mention that "Cinderella," *nee* Miss
E. A. Hitchcock, of Flint, who is at-
tending school at the New York Insti-
tution, was at the Picnic and Re-
union. The "Prince" hovered around
her, blissfully happy in reality.

Our Michigan "Belle and Beauty"
is to be assistant teacher next fall,
at the Flint Institution, and teach
during the absence or sickness of teach-
ers—so says a passing rumor. May
her future labors be crowned with
success. Mrs. W. A. Ranspach, of
Detroit, has been visiting her and
studying the mysteries of "beauty,"
we presume.

In imagination (of course) we hear
the distant chime of wedding bells
in the far West. Mr. James Simpson,
one of Michigan's "stars," now so-
journing in Chicago with his happy
bride, is the happy man. We send
our congratulations, and hope life
henceforth will not prove "double
wretchedness." When will Delos fol-
low in the wake of his brother?
"May" is wearily waiting.

We think "Independent," in the
Itemizer, is expressing his opinions
too freely about "politics and the
professors," especially through the
press. Better have consulted the
Principal first about such matters.

Michigan has many prominent and
intelligent deaf-mutes, and yet the In-
stitution does not boast of a "High
Class." Are we not just as well off
without one for the time being? We
know many of the older pupils have
been wishing for this class a long
time, and some even volunteer to re-
turn as pay pupils if one is establish-
ed. Who will be the Professor, then?
When this much talked of High Class
is established, and when the "Blind"
take their departure, then the Michi-
gan Institution for Deaf-Mutes will be
more conspicuous, and probably more
patronized, than heretofore. Hither-
to, the interest and attention has been
divided, sometimes to the discom-
fort of both parties—the deaf and
blind.

NEWCOMER.
VALLEY OF PEACE, Aug. 2, '80.

Items from Mattoon, Ill.

There were about ten deaf-mutes
present in the Episcopal Church to
hear Rev. Mr. Mann preach, on Mon-
day, July 26th. We could under-
stand what he said very well, when
he used signs; but when he spelled
out on his fingers we could not under-
stand him, because he spelled so
rapidly.

Wm. R. Miller has taken up his
residence in this town, and devotes
his whole time and attention to his
business, which is that of a house
painter, and the result is that the
"filthy lucre" is pouring in a steady
stream into his pockets. He often
meets me at the Book and Drug
Store to have a social chat.

Mr. Marcellus Andros is a deaf
former who recently sold his farm in
Charlestown, and moved to a place
four miles south of Mattoon, where
he purchased sixty acres of land.
He makes a good deal of money by
selling his products. He has a neat
frame house surrounded by stately
trees. He leads a very happy life
with his wife, and he says he won't
sell his farm again.

Mr. Green, a deaf-mute printer,
finds it hard to obtain employment
in Mattoon. He has been staying
with his uncle. He had better stay
in Mattoon, but he wants to travel,
and learn more, and study more.
He says he will always remain single,
as it takes more to support a double
man than a single one.

Edward Welsh is the deaf-mute
swell of Mattoon. He sometimes
spends his leisure working in his
father's garden; but the greater part

of his time is spent sauntering
around the streets, and visiting his
friends.

I am a graduate of the Ohio Insti-
tution, and have been employed in
the shoe business for thirty-three
years. I am at present the "Boss"
of the place where I work. I have
been in Mattoon for four years, and
I was born in Washington Co., N.
Y., in 1831.

D. L. WRIGHT.
York, Pa., News.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Two deaf-mute
ladies, of Philadelphia, gave their
friends in York quite a surprise, last
month, by calling on them unexpect-
edly. They spent several days with
their old schoolmates here, and en-
joyed the refreshing breeze. They
visited the Lurel Bazaar, and festival,
of novelties, etc., at the new city mar-
ket building, which is one of the most
magnificent displays of taste and
skill ever seen in York. Every avail-
able space being a blaze of brilliancy,
being occupied by gas lights. The
building was thronged with hundreds
of ladies and gentlemen, with happy
and smiling faces.

Mr. Emanuel Bentzel, a deaf-mute,
invited us to take a ride in his wagon
to his house. He is an excellent
driver, and he managed his two
horses very well. The view along
the road was very fine, and when we
reached the summit of a hill we had
a nice view of York and vicinity.
When we arrived at the house we
found quite a number of mutes there,
among whom we noticed, Mrs. Mar-
cus C. Lanius, Mrs. and Mr. Benj.
Lanius and their two small sons,
Miss Ann Bentz, Miss Sarah Lechone,
who is a pupil at the Philadelphia
Institution, but is now spending her
vacation at her mother's house, which
is only a mile from Mr. Bentzel's;
Marcus C. Lanius, and the Philadel-
phia ladies. After supper the party
broke up, and we returned to York
in the evening.

Several readers of your trustworthy
paper would like to know who the
Philadelphia ladies were, they were
Mrs. Mary H. Rocap and Mrs. Sarah
Stevenson, who staid with us for a
few days, and then left for Philadel-
phia. They were much pleased with
their trip, and the visit will be long
remembered by us with feelings of
satisfaction.

BENJAMIN LANIUS.
York, Aug. 6, 1880.

The National Convention.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Some time ago
I prepared a list of those who had no-
tified me of their intention to attend
the coming Convention, intending to
send it to you, but in the hurry and
confusion of packing up for my usual
vacation trip, both it and the original
list were mislaid or lost. I herewith
send you a list compiled from memory.
It is very nearly complete, but there
are a few omissions of names which I
cannot recall.

Mr. E. A. Hodgson, of N. Y.
"J. J. Siegman, " "
"H. C. Rider, " "
"S. M. Freeman, " Ga.
"Jas. Fisher, " "
"Ed. P. Holmes, " Neb.
"Mr. W. S. Johnson, " Ala.
"Hiatt, " Ind.
"Mrs. Jas. Fisher, " Ga.
"Mr. Duncan, " "
"Miss Posey, " "
"Mr. Harry White, " Mass.
"R. L. Long, " O.
"Joe. Leib, " "
"Benj. Shaw, " "
"Morrow, " Ind.
"Chas. Kerney, " "
"Herr, " "
"Carraway, " Miss.
"Larson, " Wis.
"Miss Alfa Robertson, " Ind.
"Naomi Hiatt, " "
"Mt. Sidney Vail, " "
"Mrs. Sidney Vail, " "
"Mr. Ed. Chapin, " W. Va.
"Hays, " "
"Chidster, " "
"John McGill, " Canada,
"Mrs. John McGill, " Ky.
"Mr. Gray, " Ky.
"Mr. Mc Adams, " Ky.
"Yeager, " Penn.
"Glenn, " "
"McClurg, " O.
"A. C. Powell, " O.
"Miss Fella, " Ky.
"Pierce, " "
"Mr. Gibson, " "
"Mrs. Gibson, " "
"Mr. R. Patterson, " O.
"P. P. Pratt, " "
"Lyons, " Ky.
"Miss Peters, " "
"Mr. Fosdick, " "
"Dolan, " "
"Marcus Kerr, " Mich.
"McGinness, " O.
"Felix Wolston, " "

I have heard from about as many
more indirectly, but of course can-
not give their names.

The following gentlemen have sig-
nified their willingness to serve on the
National Committee:
E. A. Hodgson, of New York.
Ed. Chapin, " W. Va.
Harry White, " Mass.
R. P. McGregor, " Ohio.
S. M. Freeman, " Georgia.

The time between now and the 25th
is so short that it will hardly admit
of the correspondence necessary to
complete a programme in time for
publication in the JOURNAL before
the meeting. The Committee will
however, meet together before the
opening of the Convention, and com-
plete all arrangements; and those
who come may rest assured that the
gentlemen composing the Committee,
will do all in their power to forward
the objects of the Convention.

R. P. MCGREGOR,
Chairman Local Committee.
COLUMBUS, O., Aug. 9, '80.

Tennessee News.

Mr. Editor:—I have long read
your excellent paper, and yet have
not found many letters from the
South in its columns. I hope you
will publish this, as an example to
Southern mutes. Of course, you
must not think my name has any in-
fluence in this part of the country.
But I hope I have made a reasonable
complaint, and by publishing it your
Southern readers may, in conse-
quence, send more news to your pa-
per than they have done. It seems
to me that they do not consider how
little they are doing for your paper:
I know they could do much good if
they felt so disposed. If they would
send more of their own news to your
paper, I should be glad of it. The
paper would be more interesting to
them, and hence a larger circulation.

There are a few mutes in this city,
and I am happy to mention a few
things about some of them.

Mr. Wain is happily engaged in
business. He seems to be enjoying a
delightful change from the dull rest
from which he lately suffered. He
did not rest for pleasure; on the con-
trary, he was active in seeking em-
ployment, and as is seen, his efforts
have been crowned with success. He
was a student at the National Col-
lege several years ago, is intelligent,
talks well and I enjoy his society
very much.

Mr. Branch is running for the of-
fice of Registrar in this county. It
may seem singular that a deaf-mute
should be a Registrar. But while
working as a clerk in the office of the
Registrar for the past eight years, he
has thoroughly mastered the many
duties relative to the office, hence his
nomination. On account of poor
health, he was compelled to resign his
position a few years ago. He rides
over the country daily, trying to get
votes. He is very energetic, and ap-
pears confident of success. There
are two Republicans and ten Demo-
crats running, and Mr. Branch is one
of the latter. There are many more
democrats than republicans in the
State, and Mr. Branch being the most
popular candidate on the democrat
side, the friends of his rivals seeing
his popularity at the polls, may pos-
sibly unite and vote for him in order
to defeat the republican candidates.
I lately called on Mr. Branch, and he
reported increasing strength. The
election takes place on August 5th, and
I will endeavor to report the result.

Miss Gillem is stopping here at
present. She lives several miles from
the city. I expect to visit her in a
few days. She expects to take up
her residence at Wash'gton, D. C. next
fall.

NASHVILLE, TENN., July enjoyed himself
very much indeed.

Thomas Brown on the very much indeed,
I appreciate Mr. and
E. Fischer's letter, I respect-
fully, when I wrote that the
gacy came from Mrs. I. S. WHEELER.

was only thinking how
State, and also that it
noble lady with whom
ly acquainted. Mr. Fis-
thanks for his remarks
the framers of the Hen-
tion. My idea is that it
be wholly changed. It
England Gallaudet Mary Lee, the mo-
Deaf-Mutes," should re-
for there may some time
from villas already made
the Association. In case
in the title, the legacie
River. It will
legally void.

It may be advisable for
dent of the Association to
faithful mutes, one from
New England, to see about
stitution and present their
the next Biennial Convention, in
for ratification.

I have met some mutes who have
talked of doing something for the so-
ciety by their wills. I do not know
whether they have done so, or ever
will.

I recollect that the late Fisher A.
Spoffard, formerly a teacher in the
Ohio Institution, and also a school-
mate of mine, made me a visit
some time before his death. He said
he was rich enough to help the N. E. G.
A., but he gave all his fortune to his
native town in Maine.

Once, in Boston, a deaf-mute so-
ciety lost a handsome legacy (\$1,000)
because the name of the society was
not clear upon the will. It was not
the fault of the society, but the writ-
er of the will.

T. BROWN.
WEST HENNIKER, AUG. 1, 1880.

The Empire State Association

At a meeting of the Board of Of-
ficers, held at the Temperance House
in the City of Syracuse, on the third
day of August, 1880, the following
preamble and resolutions were adopt-
ed:

WHEREAS, There will be a meeting
of the deaf-mutes of the United States
in Cincinnati on the 25th of August
1880, for the purpose of holding a
National Convention, and

WHEREAS, The Empire State Deaf-
Mute Association, having as its object
the social welfare of deaf-mutes, we
deem it incumbent upon us to
send a delegate to the National Con-
vention, to represent our association;
therefore,

Resolved, That Mr. H. C. Rider,
the President of the association be sent
as a delegate to look after the inter-
ests of our association at the coming
National Convention.

Resolved, That he be instructed to
keep a record of all important hap-
penings that can be conducive to
the welfare of our association to be
read at the reunion in August, 1881.

Chips from the Old Block.

"MIGNON" DENATIONALIZED.—SOCIAL AT DAYTON—A CALL FROM S. M. FREEMAN, OF GEORGIA—CONCERNING PROF. FAY'S RESIGNATION—ET CETERAS.

There's "Mignon," a little maiden,
From Paris just returned,
A three month's trip yet laden
Her head with follies turned.

In Europe's famous city—
She calls it now "Paro,"
And even—more's the pity—
For "Mignon" signs "Mignonee."

In manner she is bolder,
She calls it "prononcee,"
Is French in shrug of shoulder,
In gesture, every way.

She wears French heels; her dresses
Are French; her waist is strained;
Her bright and golden tresses
Into French tresses are trained.

She's fond of French made dishes,
Prefers "de son cote,"
The "table d'hôte"—and wishes
"La Carte" were done away.

She reads French novels, Greville;
She does upon Voltaire;
But never heard of Corneille,
Pascal, or Moliere.

She's even so French, she clearly
Pronounces English not speak;
And writes her address, really,
"Aurora Americus!"

"Chief Weatherford's" Scalps were plucked rather too early, which accounts for their being so dry.

By the way, "We, Us & Co." took in Dayton on our return from Cincinnati. When we got off at the depot we saw a string of 30 or 40 boys, and thought at first we were to run the gauntlet, as they all had clubs, but on closer inspection we saw that they were only 15 cent cigars, that they wanted to give us. However, we were obliged to refuse them, as we couldn't carry them all, and we didn't want to be partial.

They were headed by J. H. Smith, a young giant about 3 feet 2 1/2 inches high, and ended by Elliott Mann, a little fellow, with fuzz on his face, 8 or 15 feet long (the fellow, not the fuzz).

We finally got away whole, and rested during the afternoon. The crowning event of the day was the Social given by the Literary Society in the evening, at the residence of Mr. Elliott Mann. A goodly number of invited guests were present, and the proverbial adage that "there's always room for one more" here reached the limits of its truthfulness, when the rooms were packed tight as a sardine box. The good things were set before us at 10 p.m. We were amazed at seeing the calmness of the folks with such a big job on their hands. They did it, however, of Louisville, and although et from Louisville ended by his pard, did boat, can be had for \$50 create a famine, it regular railroad fare. Two tramps came The coming Convention, and tried to to be a really grand affair as deaf-mutes. talligona and, we must till far into the beauty—the mute work that the company sent, and the social indebted to Misses will afford can not be Protzman for court-What a meeting will that exceedingly mo-friends of years gone

each old time comrades, of deepest sor-sisters of silence weived the news of Prof. their long ago classmate. He regards the have not seen for epting a better situa-tern and aged, who has ever been. Ohio and wrinkled brows, tentends to the posi- and then other life's stern battle, and take them away, glad some throng, do the thing over again shall throb exult else. It is that penurious children of siler saying at the spigot and smiles. Now at the bung-hole policy—aying a man near what he is The men—that causes our State to lose benefit many of its able men. We hope of the e will not easily forget his old gradu-tes. A horse-shoe to you in your new sphere.

While in our Editorial Sanctum (by the way we have one) last Wednesday, we were accosted by a Southerner (white) whom we at first mistook for a member of the Louisiana Returning Board. However, we were agreeably mistaken to find him no other than Mr. Samuel Freeman, who had come "all the way from Georgia." No comments are necessary, as every one who has known Mr. Freeman, knows him to be a model young man, and one whom everybody cannot help liking, because of his sterling qualities, as well as his kindred largeness of heart, and who can doubt but that he will in the near future be a leading star in deaf-mute circles. The only regret is that we did not get enough of him.

We wonder if any of our readers ever milked a cow or ever attempted to do so, and if they did, whether ours are parallel cases. We remember once when quite young, it became one of our most pleasant pastimes to sit on the barnyard fence, and watch the milk-maid. We doted on it, and were as attentive to the "biz" as the cat. How we longed to try our skill, not only for mere amusement, but to gratify on the sly a fondness for the liquid which was engendered within us, simply from association.

It was one of those delightful mornings that poets love to rave about, when the farmer softly treads the dewy mead, etc., that we thought conducive to a successful experiment: so we went forth with salt-cup in hand, and with the most sanguine expectations commenced to pail off "Bossy" from the wrong side. Yes, it must have been the wrong side, and we couldn't have been more surprised if a base ball or a streak of lightning had struck us, than we were at the kick that cow planted at the base of our right ear. We picked ourselves up some distance from the scene, feeling as though we had been very much in the way. We didn't swear, though!

We simply considered the source and told ma to sell the cow. We thought it was unpardonably absurd for a female to kick, and wondered why a beast of her standing would indulge herself thus. We remember very distinctly, that we were quite put out about it, and all the consolation we would have accepted at the time, would have been a machine to milk a cow with a ten-foot pole. This event was years ago, dear reader, but it is as vivid in our memory as though it was but yesterday. A scar remains on our left third finger to commemorate the incident. The salt cup never made its appearance though we still live, but can truthfully state that our passion for milking is wonderfully torpid, and this is the only practical instance on record, we believe, since we were weaned.

We, Us & Co.

August 2, 1880.

Old Luzerne County's general Brevities.

Harvest time is rapidly passing throughout our country, as all the farmers have been as busy as bumble-bees.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Arnold, of Mill Hollow, recently paid a visit to Susquehanna Co., and enjoyed a grand feast at the house of Mrs. Arnold's parents, at Bridgewater, Pa., before they returned home.

A Committee of Managers, is being elected for the coming Deaf-Mute Basket Picnic. In our next letter, we will give full particulars, concerning the picnic.

Excursions, festivals and picnics are dead ripe among our citizens.

Our warm friend, Alex. Arnold, was taken sick on his arrival at Williamsport, and feeling it more proper, he took up his abode, with his cousin. The fever only continued but one week, and at the time we write we hear that he is gaining his wanted health very rapidly.

Miss Maggie Gorman, of Pittston, was noticed taking a pleasure drive through the beautiful valley of Wyoming by your correspondent.

Miss Rachel Pace, who is a warm friend of the deaf-mutes, was confined to bed for some time, by an attack of cholera, but she is able to sit up at present. She is a regular hand at the single manual alphabet.

Mr. Robert Arnold and your correspondent, paid a visit to Plymouth on the first of August, to discuss some little matter of importance. There we visited Miss Nettie Weil, and had a very good time although the visit was a short one.

It is rumored that there will be an establishment for the educating of deaf-mutes in Scranton City.

Mr. Jacob M. Koehler of the National College for Deaf-Mutes, arrived home safe, July 3d, after a short stay with his New York friends. The service on the 25th inst., was conducted by him, and everything was complete and tasteful.

Mr. William Dolph, an accomplished blacksmith and wagon maker, paid us a visit during the nation's birthday.

Mr. William Dolph is not a rowdie. We know that he is a reliable, accomplished gentleman, with grand and polished manners, and a skilful hand at his trade.

Our deaf-mute taxidermist, has at present in his possession, a stuffed mouse of the rye-fields, and a bat, but we expect to see his case put up with the nearest kind of tame and wild fowls. How pretty it would be if those rye-field mice could sing thus;

"If a body meet a body
Going through the rye,
If a body kiss a body
Need a body cry."

The deaf-mutes of our city, are known as the down town jolly boys, and are all O. K., and happy-go-lucky however.

CAPTAIN CARNS.

SCRANTON, Aug. 1, 1880.

Sly & Bro.

Our new plug hat got full of soft water, by an accident of our own, but is dry now—had it out in the sun. John Brooks, in his last epistle, tells the reader of the JOURNAL what a wonderful escape "Sly," encountered from being spliced, by simply keeping away from the Re-union on the 5th prox. Quite newswy. We were to parts unknown on that day. Sorry we were not present.

Charles Priest, an aged mute, passed through here a short time since, selling sermons. He stopped at the National Hotel, where your correspondent—"Sly"—had an interview. Mr. Priest says he was for fifteen years a teacher in an institution for the deaf and dumb at New Brunswick, Canada. Whether his story is true or not I cannot say, as I have little faith in those mutes who go around from place to place selling choros, yankee soap, etc. As our conversation continued Mr. Priest said he lived in Grand Rapids, and that he owned a farm of eighty-two acres, fifteen miles from that city, his wife was the only person now at home; but he has two grown up daughters, now living in England, where he was born and educated. He said he left his situation as teacher on account of the extreme cold. He had to use snow-shoes most all the year, in going to and from the Institution.

"Did you make any money while a teacher?"

"Yes, I earned, and saved three thousand dollars, and had it deposited in the St. John's Bank, in New Brunswick, but the Bank failed, and I lost all."

"How much was your salary during the fifteen years?"

"I received a salary of \$600 per year."

THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

CUT THIS OUT AND PASTE IT IN YOUR HAT.

THE FIRST NATIONAL CONVENTION OF DEAF-MUTES WILL MEET AT THE



On the 25th of August, 1880.

The following hotels will entertain members of the Convention at the rates named:

Gibson House, Walnut St., bet. 4th & 5th Sts.,	\$2.50 per day.
St. James Hotel, 4th St. bet. Maine and Sycamore,	\$2.00 "
Galt House, Cor. 6th and Main Sts.,	\$1. to \$1.25
Reid's Hotel, 4th St. bet. Plum and Race, (without board, 75 cts.)	\$1.50 "
Walnut St. House, between 6th & 7th Sts.	\$1.50 "

These are all centrally located, and within easy access of the hall by street cars.

The Gibson House is a first-class hotel, one of the best in the city.

The St. James Hotel and Walnut St. House are very good ones, the other two are as good as any of their class. "You pays your money and you takes your choice."

There are many other hotels, but these are the only ones the Committee have made special arrangements with so far. As soon as other arrangements are made, they will be announced in the JOURNAL.

Any information concerning Hotels, routes, etc., can be obtained by enclosing stamp and addressing R. P. McGregor, 533 E. Rich St., Columbus, O., or J. K. T. Hoagland, 714 Main St., Covington, Ky.

R. P. MCGREGOR,
A. F. WOOD,
J. K. T. HOAGLAND, } Local Committee.

CINCINNATI, O., May 31, 1880.

(Explanation of Cut:—The large building on the left and at top of cliff is the Bellevue House. The next building on the right is the engine house, and below can be seen the inclined Railroad with car ascending. Further to the right and in the distance, is the park or garden where the Deaf-Mute Picnic was held on the 12th of July. Below is a nearer view of the garden, terrace and part of the city.)

"Are you acquainted with Mr. Blood, of Grand Rapids?"

"Yes, I see him quite often, especially on Sundays."

Here our conversation ended. I would like to hear more of this gentleman from the mutes of Grand Rapids. A number of real and sham mutes have passed through our city, and I have no sympathy for mutes who are engaged in the peddling business. I would like to learn if Mr. Priest is an old instructor of the deaf and dumb, or a peddler by profession.

The Evening News, published at Detroit, contains the following:

R. P. McGregor, a deaf-mute of Cincinnati, where his employment is the teaching of those similarly affected as himself, reached Belle Isle Park yesterday (July 2d) in a small but handsome enclosed duck boat, in which he is making an excursion around the lakes. Mr. McG. stopped over night at Lorimer's, and this morning proceeded on his voyage. He is about 35 years old.

SLY & BRO.

Observations at Washington.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—After returning from Washington we—your correspondents—felt as if sitting on a borne's nest, so uncontented. At last we determined on a trip south, and with no intention of living *a la* Dr. Tanner, having filled our pockets with things needed, we mounted the old iron horse that eats fire and breathes thunder, and were soon on our way.

We stopped for a few days at Washington to gather any stray items that chance might throw in our way. Here we met Clifford Griffin with a sore hand. He had bruised it in a game of base ball, and *par consequent* it had healed. It is much better now and will be all right by the time college opens.

We had just got the dirt washed from our eyes, and stepped out on the Avenue, when we met one of those "turned-up-nose students," who asked us to go with him to the music. "Music!" we exclaimed. "What the dickens do we want with music?" "Come and see." We went. The music was at the Executive Mansion. It was Saturday evening. Arriving there we took a view of our surroundings. The sun was disappearing in the western horizon, while lingering beams tinged the fleecy clouds above, which reflected back the rays of light, and wrapped the earth in softest hues. To the south of us towered the unfinished Washington Monument, and a little east of it reared the beautiful building of the Agricultural Department, while a little farther east the gaudy new Smithsonian Institute glistened in white, yellow, red, blue and various other shades. Beyond all this the majestic Potomac rolled

her murky waters towards the unfathomed ocean, while boats and ships decorated her surface as stars the face of Heaven. To the north of us stood the snowy white Executive Mansion, vulgarly called Uncle Sam's stable, wherein he keeps his long eared animal. On the west the dense foliage of the grove obscured our view. On the east rises a small eminence surrounded by stately trees, and on this eminence was the band that enchanted all who heard. The grove was alive with city beauties, arrayed in dazzling robes and flashing smiles, shedding heart-aches and sunshine everywhere they went. Here we met a friend who, by the way, is well versed in the manner of communicating with the deaf and dumb; but who is not himself a mute. While conversing with him he overheard two young ladies talking as they passed, and reported to us. "Well," says one, "if there is anything in the world I admire it is these mute gentlemen of the city," then as they receded in the distance the word "college" floated back through the air, but what was said about the college has passed away on the wings of the wind.

While in this grove a little bird flew by, and whispered a story of a second Maud Muller, and we venture to record the story for the benefit of those who need it. A certain student had seen the photograph of a deaf-mute lady residing in Illinois, and admired it. He determined to pay her a visit on his way home. Accordingly he obtained a letter of introduction from another student, and on June 24th set sail on his way. When he arrived at her home he found her at the wash tub. While she doubtless blushed at the condition in which he caught her his heart went out to her in warm admiration, for industry and beauty, when found in the same person, would captivate any true gentleman.

Leaving the park, we obtained a glance of the celebrated Dr. Mary Walker, with a long tail coat, and under the tail bifurcated garments. The Doctor can spell either on both hands or on one; but having another object in view we passed on without stopping to chat.

The next day we went out to the college, and found Mr. Budd acting Secretary in the absence of Mr. Wright, who is off on a pleasure trip. The work on the Gymnasium is being rapidly pushed forward. A great excavation has been made, and over this excavation will stand the building.

We learned there that J. G. Saxton, of Troy, N. Y., has returned home from North Carolina, looking well tanned, and much stouter than at the close of the session.

Mr. Van Ness, the steward on Kendall Green, was married to Miss Mollie Saxton on Monday, August 2d,

at 8 p.m., and left immediately for the North on a bridal tour.

On picking up Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, of July 31st, we were surprised to find a picture of the National Deaf-Mute College "Sketched by Chas. Kerney." All know that Charles could not have sketched that building, and that the picture was from a photograph by Douglas, our rising deaf-mute artist. From time to time pictures appear in Illustrated papers, from photographs by prominent artists, and if Charles had given Douglas the deserved honor, I am sure his friends would have thought more of him than they do when they see him trying to raise himself at the expense of others. Besides it is now understood that Mr. Douglas gave Kerney the pictures gratis, with the understanding that he would give the former credit for taking them. We hope Mr. Kerney can free himself from this grave charge of betraying a trust.

We met, and had a pleasant conversation with Mr. Carroll, of Minnesota, and his protegee, Charlie Thompson. Mr. Carroll expressed his surprise at the change in Washington since he was a student. He looks rather thin, but we trust that when the good things of Autumn come he will fatten up.

One more joke, and we must stop, as it is almost train time. Two prospective Freshmen, it is said, were greatly interested in the efforts of Dr. Tanner in defying the laws of nature. They resolved to imitate him, and see which could go without eating the longest. They got along very well the first day, and separated for the night. The next day about dinner time each one caught the other slipping back to a public eating house.

"Well," says Fresh No. 1, "How do you feel to-day?"

"I feel," says Fresh No. 2, "like Jonah did in the whale's belly, I feel kinder down in the mouth."

"And I," says No. 1, "feel like the whale after Jonah's escape, I feel kinder empty."

They then shook hands, and declared Dr. Tanner either the eighth wonder of the world, or the greatest humbug of the 19th century. Says Fresh No. 1:

"I will pay for your dinner, if you will pay for mine."

"Agreed."

They then entered the eating house, and the way they hid things made the negro waiter's eyes roll with wonder. Then they emptied every dish, and washed the contents down with a quart of milk, a quart of iced tea and two cups of coffee, each. The landlord charged them double price and called them tramps, while the waiter declared their legs were hollow. More anon.

OKOJUMBO & GREG.

Advice to our Contributors.

Mignon, if you have blue eyes, languish.

Jane, if black eyes, affect spirit.

Hieronymus, if you have good teeth, don't forget to laugh now and then.

Lester Montrose, if you have bad ones, only smper.

Josephine, while you are young, sit with your face to the light.

Mignon, if you are a little advanced, sit with your back to the window.

Minnehaha, if you dance well, dance seldom.

Harri, if you dance ill, never dance at all.

We, Us & Co., if, in conversation, you think (or know) a person wrong, rather hint a difference of opinion, than offer a contradiction.

Vance, if it is always in your power to make a friend by smiles, what folly to make enemies by frowns.

Columbus, when you have an opportunity to praise, do it with all your heart.

J. C. B., when you are forced to blame, do it with reluctance.

Wisconsin Graduates, if you are envious of another woman (or girl), never show it but by allowing her every good quality and perfection except those which she really possesses.

Admiral, if you wish to let the world know that you are in love with a particular man, treat him with formality, and every one else with ease and freedom.

Mignonee, if you would preserve beauty, rise early.

Tory, if you would preserve esteem, be gentle.

Bob, if you would obtain power, be condescending.

Lord Roscoe, if you would be happy, endeavor to promote the happiness of others.

Wm.

CINCINNATI.

The mother of Mr. Alfred Wood and Miss Ida Wood, died last week. She had been suffering these long years with Consumption and Cancer, and at last death came and relieved her, and carried her off to the place where happiness and peace reign supreme.

Thomas McGinness, of Columbus, Ohio, availed himself of an excursion from that city to Cincinnati, and came down and spent two or three days in visiting his old schoolmates. He is employed in the rolling-mill of Peter Hayden, in that city, and is earning good wages.

In my previous letter concerning the Bellevue House Picnic, I forgot to mention that Jos. Goldman, of Middletown, Ohio, was one of those present. He just graduated from the Articulation School in New York, and is now fairly launched into the busy life of the world.

Rev. L. Eddy, a speaking teacher at the Danville Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, preached two sermons last Sunday to speaking audiences in Ludlow, Ky., one of the numerous suburban towns opposite Porkopolis.

MERCURY.

Aug. 4, 1880.

Giving Speech to the Dumb.

(London (Eng.) Graphic.)

The fact that there are 30,000 deaf-mutes in the United Kingdom at the present time should be sufficient to secure moral and monetary encouragement for any well accredited system for mitigating so sad an affliction. A meeting held recently at London House, St. James' Square, in behalf of the Society for Training Teachers of the Deaf, has been the means of bringing the question—which is really one of national importance—once more before the public. As long since as 1871, Mr. Dalby, Aural Surgeon to St. George's Hospital, read a paper before the Leeds meeting of the Social Science Association. On the occasion mentioned, Mr. Dalby clearly demonstrated that articulate speech and lip-reading could be taught to all deaf children who were not intellectually deficient, provided they were taken in hand as soon as their faculties of comprehension were fairly developed, i.e., at the age of seven or eight years. Under most favorable conditions, however, the accomplishment of lip-reading, or in other words, of being able to comprehend verbal utterance by the movement of a speaker's lips, is not easily attained, eight years of training being usually necessary. To what perfection the system may be wrought was proved at the Leeds meeting, when an absolutely deaf and "dumb" gentleman replied fluently and in several languages to questions addressed to him by those present. In 1871, the Association for the Oral Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb was founded, and it has a school in Fitzroy Square, where teachers as well as children are taught, and a public lesson is given every Wednesday at three o'clock. At the London House meeting the principal of a school conducted on similar principles, at Ealing, examined two little boys and two little girls, pupils of the establishment, and deaf and dumb, and it was found that they could all articulate intelligibly and intelligently. It seems to be a mere question of money as regards the extension of the invaluable benefit in question to the whole of the deaf and dumb world, since adults can be taught lip-reading, though with more difficulty than with children. It is stated that a child who becomes nearly deaf, so as to be unable to hear ordinary conversation, will, in a few months, lose its power of speech, and that this may be prevented by the employment of sys-

tematic vocal worth mention. This movement has been reported the Ch... tion Society makes known... that deaf, blind and idiotic pe... have a legal claim on Boards of Guar... dians for such education and training as they may require, and that such relief is not in a legal sense parochial.

Death of Edwin Aldrich's Father.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Some of the readers, especially Rev. Job Turner, will be pained to learn of the death of Mr. Edwin Aldrich's father. He was taken ill last May, and lingered from day to day, with a calm and noble resignation, and at last, on the 27th of June, his passing away was quiet and like a gentle sleep, and on his lips a smile that seemed to tell his mourning relatives and friends that beyond the open Golden Gates he saw laid out for him a pleasant path that led to a bright and glorious immortality. He was an Assemblyman of North Smithfield, at Providence last year. He was a candidate for State Senator, and was a staunch Republican. He filled some honorable positions, gaining many worthy friends by the general courtesy and kindness to one and all. After reading a copy of the JOURNAL, he at once recommended Edwin to take it and offered to give him money for his subscription to it. I may say that Edwin is only sister, a speaking and hearing lady, has learned to love to read the JOURNAL.

J. F. D.

BLACKSTONE, MASS., Aug. 4, '80.

The Convention and other matters.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I am glad, indeed, that a National Convention of mutes of America has been decided upon, and am of the opinion that such a gathering of mutes from all parts of America will make the occasion lively and interesting. It will tend to strengthen the tie of friendship, and make all acquainted with each other; and even free discussion and opinions on various subjects will be stirred up and exchanged. Mutes should attend it by all means, and enjoy the society of many prominent mutes who have signified their intention to be present. To meet in such a body will make public opinion change regarding the standing of mutes as a class. It is often remarked that the majority of the people look upon them with sympathy, and that if a mute goes around to beg for money, their opinion of mutes is bad; and that it naturally makes them believe that all mutes must be of the same character. I mean those who are not accustomed to associate with mutes.

Now, as we are going to have a Convention of our own, let us show the people that we are not in that condition, and that we are men of well-cultured talents and have abilities as good as they have.

As to the question, "Who shall be President of the coming Convention?" I have something here to suggest:

Prof. Robert McGregor is a young man of fine talents and has had much experience as to the duties of a presiding officer, and understands parliamentary rules very well. (His election would add dignity to the office, be acceptable to all and command the respect of those present. He would be eminently the right man in the right place. Ohio claims part of the honor, as she took so much interest in arranging for the Convention to come.

We learn with regret, that Prof. G. O. Fay has resigned the Superintendency of the Ohio Institution, and accepted a situation, as teacher, in Hartford. He will be missed in Ohio, for all looked upon him as a kind father, a wise counsellor and a true friend. The American Institution at Hartford, is to be congratulated upon having obtained his services as teacher. We can assure the pupils who come under his charge, that he will be an energetic teacher, and will graduate many promising young men, who will ever feel grateful to him. Though a loss to the Ohio Institution, it is a gain to the American Institution.

We notice that many personal remarks respecting Fred Mettenberger have of late appeared quite frequently in the columns of the JOURNAL. If all the correspondents regard him as a "Tramp of the Improved Order," why not let him alone, when he is not worthy of any notice? If correspondents continue to mention him, it will only make him brag the more and say he is getting famous. Let him alone and say no more about him! Personal mention of him does not amount to any thing. I blush to see such remarks in so good a paper as the JOURNAL.

Now, as the National Convention is approaching, I say to mutes: Come one, come all, and have a good and jolly time.

HANCOCK.

Fashion Notes.

Surah is only a soft twisted silk. The Gypsy is the becoming bonnet. White is the festival dress of 1880. Sliding rings on parasols are revived.

Puffs in the arm-holes will be revived.

Angel sleeves are seen on dressy camisoles.

Jet is more fashionable than ever this season.

Tulle continues to be the preferred bridal veil.

Ragusa is the latest received antique point lace.

Old gold remains the most popular shade of yellow.